

# RURAL REPOSITORY.

VOL. II.

HUDSON, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1826.

No. 26.

" Prompt to improve and to invite,  
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

## POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,  
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

### THE ELOPEMENT.

Elizabeth Irving had but just entered the world when its delusive blandishments affected her young heart, and seduced her from the circle of her real friends to the bosoms of imaginary ones. She was young, affable and handsome; her features were well formed, and the blush of the rose tinged her soft cheeks; her eyes were of the deepest blue, the lashes long, dark and delicate; the child of fortune—she had been nursed in the lap of wealth, and little did she think that all the gay pictures of the world which young fancy had painted to her imagination, were but the vain colouring of hopes which could never be realized, till she found, too truly, such was the case. She had pictured it but the garden in which the young plant should put forth its leaves and blossoms—the orchard in which the matured tree should yield its fruits, without one chilling blast to freeze, or scorching sun to wither. But how was she mistaken! The colors of the rainbow, though bright, are but transitory; the sun of the brightest morning may be shrouded in the dark mantle of the tempest cloud ere his daily course hath run; yet this did Elizabeth learn too late: scarcely had she reached her seventeenth year ere the harsh intelligence met the ears of her parents that she had eloped with a stranger. Judge ye who have thought and feeling what was the grief of the too fond authors of her being at this intelligence! A deadly paleness spread itself upon the countenance of her mother, and without uttering a word she swooned away—life was insupportable—her darling Elizabeth was no longer left to enliven her aged hours—and oh! such a separation was far more keen and heart piercing than if the rude king of terrors had asserted his claim and dis severed her spirit from the sweet fields of her native valley. Her father stood motionless for a moment—alternate quick flushes of blood succeeded by a deadly paleness rushed over his brow, his eyes bent upon the earth, yet blinded with the impetuosity of rapid thoughts. At length he clasped his hands, walked hurriedly across the room, whilst the agony of his mind bade the big tears to leave their secluded caverns in the eye and rush like an overflowing fountain upon his cheeks, then, as if regardless of all that surrounded him, his weeping chil-

dren—and his wife, from whom life had apparently fled, he left the room—and immediately set out in pursuit of his lost daughter.

But a few weeks previous to her elopement a French gentleman had arrived in the beautiful little valley of which Allistonville was the centre, with the intention of passing away the summer months. He appeared possessed of ample wealth, and his light vivacity and polite demeanour soon made him the topic for the conversation of all the village gossips. He was the admiration of all the ladies—and let it be sufficient to say, Elizabeth, pleased with being the object of most of his attention, suffered her vanity to mislead her good sense from the golden path of virtue to the gilded scenes and unreal pleasures of dissipation. Acquainted with French she could converse with him in his own language, and then soon followed the destruction of the too thoughtless girl. As we have said her father pursued her—but alas! too late—they had taken refuge to the blue waves of the Atlantic—and were now far beyond the reach of the unhappy Mr. Irving. He returned to his family, while Elizabeth, far from the dear scenes of her youth, wasted away her hours in the gay revelry of the Parisian ball-room, or the soft pleasures of the embraces of her seducer. Those pleasures were short-lived; her deluder soon left this world for the world of spirits, and she was then left—alone, unfriended and in a foreign land. What a transition! Sorrows fell thick upon her.—She was lost to herself—to all the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

Years rolled away, and nothing had been heard, by her parents, of the misguided Elizabeth. Her mother had long reposed in the bosom of the earth. Her brother, who had enlivened her youthful hours, no longer lived to cheer her aged father, who was fast tottering to the grave, overburdened with a load of sorrows, when, one morning in the spring of the year, as her decrepit parent had placed himself in his easy chair in the front of his cottage, a stranger appeared at the gate—a female stricken with cares—her face was pallid, and emotion choked her utterance—she stretched forth her supplicating arms, as if for relief—the old man was about giving it, when the words escaped her, Oh God! whom do you relieve?—then, with a convulsive sob, she sunk to the earth. Age forsook the limbs of Mr. Irving. he raised her from the ground, cold,—lifeless.—It was Elizabeth! P.

FROM THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

Go, restless man, on woman's breast,  
 Seek happiness and gentle rest;  
 There earthly paradise is known;  
 Peace, hope, and joy's united throne.

On the banks of the far-famed Brandywine which empties its peaceful waters into the Delaware, and whose soil first drank the blood of the gallant La Fayette, stood a neat little cottage which had lifted its humble roof to the storms of more than forty winters. The happy inmates, blest with all that life could bestow, had almost forgotten the injuries which their ancestors had received from the hands of an oppressive people when they were driven out to plant the church in the lonely wilderness. Time, with his magic wand, had brushed away those tempestuous clouds which had originated in the bosom of superstition and bigotry, and had shed the sunshine of hope on the altar of despair. Though the hand of despotism still waved the sceptre over this asylum of wretchedness, yet the mind in its fruitful resources, sought contentment in the pleasing interchange of a greater for a lesser evil. Such is human nature. The least remove from misery is construed into a greater proportion of happiness, and hope never fails to exaggerate the fascinating prospect—Such were the feelings of the family of Edenfield. A happy pair, indeed they were; blest with one son, a youth who had arrived at his twentieth year, full of vigour, with an intellect aspiring. Education had unfolded to his view her trophies of art, of science, and philosophy, snatched from the destructive influence of ages and empires, which his eagle-eyed mind surveyed with emotions peculiar to himself. His aged parents looked upon him with delight, and the tears of joy often rolled down their furrowed cheeks. Experience exercised the powers of judgment in directing the youth to the path of true happiness, and laid open to him the snares and temptations which abounded in life. He listened with an attentive ear. His object was happiness.—He surveyed the precipice over which so many tumbled, and shuddered at the idea; yet in his pleasing dreams of future greatness his senses were imperceptibly attracted by the flowery paths of pleasure. He beheld fame pointing with gothic triumph to the golden characters inscribed with the pencil of immortality on her temple and he surveyed the laurels which she held in her hand with a cautious and enamoured glance. And when imagination usurped the prerogative of reason, he discovered himself wielding the gleaming sword in battle, or dictating more lenient laws to an injured nation. But his mind in all these hallucinations was seeking happiness and he looked forward with enthusiasm for the day which should unbind the shackles of parental authority, and give him the free agency to seek the object of his wishes. The time arrived and with it the field of

action. At that important and never to be forgotten period of America, the chains were unlocked from the lion of England, and the spirit of vengeance and persecution which had been sleeping in the cradle of exiled innocence was roused and reanimated with double fury. The clouds of prejudice and tyranny were spreading far along the western world, and the sons of America beheld them with awe, but not with fear. Edenfield was young and unaccustomed to the tumults of war, but he was brave. His heart beat high with valour, and his enterprising spirit languished for the opportunity of committing some deed which might enrol his memory in the archives of fame, and gild his name on eternity's ear.

After a period had elapsed, and his parents whom he loved and venerated were silently laid in the dust, Edenfield gained a commission in the army, which had planted the banner of freedom and the bulwark of destruction. His martial soul gloried in the cause which led him to take up arms against his fellow men, and his gallant conduct as he dashed along the lines in battle, stimulating his brave comrades to victory or death, won him the meed of applause. His name became associated with honour, and the fire of his ambition was heightened into a flame of the warmest regard for his bleeding country. But his military achievements and intrepid bravery were no more admired, than his humane tenderness was beloved when the din of strife was over; for a brave heart scorns the cruelty which cowardice inflicts upon the helpless. The eye which beheld him lifted above the heads of the contending hosts shouting courage in the ears of his dauntless countrymen, often danced with delight at his noble exploits; and the same eye could not restrain its tears of tenderness when it witnessed his generosity to the fallen foe.

But his fame was not complete.—The scenes of his childhood, in whose shade he had reposed at noontide in the morn of his youth, was destined to support the conflict which should crown him with the perennial roses of fame, or bury all his former prospects in the dust. Busy thought was awake in the mind of Edenfield the night preceding, and hope and fear alternately held the ascendancy. This was a conflict more terrible than even the din of battle.—It was the battle of the mind. He beheld the sun arise which was to set upon his triumph, or cast a glimmering ray upon his solitary grave. The recollections which his natal cottage inspired, and the remembrance of the many happy moments which he had enjoyed upon that spot clung close to his heart, and cast a melancholy gloom over his mind; but when he beheld the brave Pulaski at his side, challenging him for the honours of the day, the reminiscences of childhood were forgotten, and the feelings of the soldier became paramount to filial affection.



The battle commenced, and bloody was the contest. The haughty foe fell like ripe wheat, until the waters of the Brandywine assumed the crimson hue. Edenfield was seen in the midst surrounded with smoke and fire. British thunder shook the battlements of freedom that day, and doubt seemed for a moment to hang upon the event—but the daring sons of liberty were forced to retire. Many of Britain's bravest heroes died on the field, and America's warlike band retired with unfading laurels.

It was at this eventful epoch, when Edenfield was in the plenitude of fame, that he received a token of respect for his gallant conduct. It was a golden medal with the impression of an eagle stamped upon the one side and that of a heart upon the other, with the initials of a lady's name. The note which accompanied it did not inform him from what fair hand it came, but that she had heard of his deeds and honoured them, and that she had seen and loved.—His heroic heart was now impregnable to the tender passion, and he sighed for the presence of so charming a female as his imagination had presented to his view; but he had received orders to march and all further hope of a discovery was at an end. He was soon engaged again in the deadly strife at Germantown and Trenton, still rising to higher glory.

Thus he who sought happiness through the medium of fame, continued in the perilous struggle for independence, until the clouds of war were dissipated in the returning sunshine of peace, and prosperity. But happiness did not dawn upon the mind of Edenfield, though his brows were bound with the wreaths of conquest. In the deliberate moments of reason and reflection, he found that the warrior's laurels had been dipped in blood; and that his page of history was blotted with the tears of the widow and the orphan. The burst of passion was over, the flames of desire died upon the altar of the heart, enthusiasm had sunk into apathy, and he discovered to his astonishment that fame was but a breath, a nightmare of imagination; and that happiness did not reign in the breast of a hero.—He rejoiced in the prosperity of his country, but he perceived himself far from being happy. To fill up the vacancy which now occupied his mind he gave way to the allurements of pleasure: but he soon discovered that in gathering the blushing roses of enjoyment, he was lacerated by the poignant thorns of discontent. He was convinced that happiness could not be obtained by the gratification of the senses, and imagined that a splendid fortune could alone bestow it. Fortune soon showered her golden jewels in his lap, but alas! he found that his wealth was a South Sea bubble, an Alchymy of the imagination, which could not convert his discontent into happiness. Perplexed and disconsolate he walked his splendid hall, ambulated the open fields, or reposed on the voluptuous couch

of indolence. A ray of satisfaction would occasionally dart in his mind, but it was obnubilated by the idea that it was transient. Like the cloud which is illuminated with lightning for a moment, his mind closed in tenfold darkness.

At length Edenfield resolved to travel and store his mind with knowledge, which he fondly conceived would ensure to him the respect of the world; and infuse happiness into his mind; but he did not reflect that the wisest men are seldom the happiest. He did not perceive that desire begets desire until that powerful principle of the intellect cannot be controlled either by reason or philosophy. He entertained the most unbounded prospects which reason could never realize, and hence came discontent and the train of moral and physical evils which is ever attendant on ambition in despair. His prospects in life had perished in his own estimation, and the only resource which was left him to regain that sprightly vivacity which he had once enjoyed, was to travel into foreign countries, and study the manners and customs of nations.

Steady to his purpose he soon found himself riding on the lofty billows of the ocean, surrounded by a prospect which he had never before witnessed. A ray of light darted for a moment into his mind, but like that which plays upon the surface of the sea, it was soon shut out by the nebulous clouds of despondency. The meteor of hope was again lighted up in the atmosphere of intellect, when he discovered himself treading upon the classic shores of Italy, and ruminating upon the fallen grandeur of the once mighty mistress of the world. Whilst reflecting how many monarchs of ancient celebrity had held the reins of empire within the walls which enclosed him, he was irresistibly forced to relinquish those imaginary miseries which ever prey upon a vacant mind. From Italy he passed into Greece, and stood with feelings not to be described upon the ruins of Athens. On this celebrated spot sacred to valour and philosophy, he felt a pleasing sorrow, a melancholy joy, to which no language has ever yet appropriated a name. Passing by the tombs of oriental genius, imagination thundered in his ears the sublime eloquence of Demosthenes, and the majestic strains of him who sung the wrath of Peleus' son.

Thus Edenfield rambled in the warm pursuit of happiness but he found not the casket which contained the jewel. He contemplated the flowery scenes of Italy, the monuments of immortal fame which adorn the dreary land of Greece, the lofty magnificence of the pyramids of Egypt; but his bosom now sighed for his native land. In France he received the civilities of the great, and in England of the learned; but fame, pleasure, wealth, and learning had never instilled that joyful contentment into his mind, which he had experienced in the hum-

ble cottage. He returned to his native country, and in a melancholy moment determined to seek after happiness no more, believing with the wise man that all is vanity: that when all earthly hopes are realized, satiety breaks the enchantment, and disgust embitters the enjoyment.

In the hospitable city of Philadelphia, where the gallant ship had landed him, he sought amusement in the society of the polished and the gay.

Every eye in the assembly was pleased with his martial manner and gallant address but there was a bosom which throbbed with an impulse unknown to any other, and the language of her eye was the transcript of love. It was she who had rewarded his gallant conduct after the battle of Brandywine. In an oblique and delicate manner she unfolded the circumstance of mystery to him, and the happy Edenfield expressed his gratitude of soul, through the medium of the eyes; for he had long since been taught the science of the heart. They loved mutually.—That tenderness which had so long reigned in her bosom had become reciprocal, and he owned in the moments of absence, that the greenest laurel which graces the brow of fame is prepared by the fair hand of woman, and interwoven with her love. He now discovered, that the loudest shouts of the tumultuous multitude, the lavish encomiums of the learned, and all the gaudy garlands of civic honour were but trivial, in comparison, in bestowing contentment, with the silent, but endearing approbation of a lovely woman. In her affection he places all his hopes, and his presence seemed like a silent little world where all the passions were at rest save that which had bound his heart in silken chains.

Time was passed smoothly along. The mind of Edenfield so far from being vacant, and so far from being subjected to the numberless inquietudes which originate in vancancy, was employed in the pleasing contemplation of the charms of her whom he loved, and with the happy idea of settling himself in life. How pleasing are the lucubrations of the lover!—He found that her presence was necessary to his amusement, his happiness, and almost his existence; and he was convinced that her amiable accomplishments would increase with acquaintance. Influenced by these salutary ideas, he opened the casket of his wishes to the fair Ellen, which was sanctioned, and from the performance of the ceremony Edenfield dated his happiness.

From the city they retired to a delightful and romantic spot in the country, and rejoiced in the union of two souls so congenial to each other. It was a common expression with Edenfield that he had viewed human life on every side, and that he had travelled through a long and dreary path to happiness, but that he had at length discovered the sylvan grove and the genius which inhabited it: Imagination,

that magic lantern of the mind, had depicted many scenes in which happiness dwelt; but the hope which he had indulged of discovery then proved to be but the ignus fatuus of fancy, the mere indulgence of a noon-day dream. In their retired retreat, in this solitude made gay and pleasing by the presence of Ellen, he could ask for no more.

Thus they lived until a numerous family had gathered around them, and the frosts of time had silvered their heads; still blest with the consciousness of having fulfilled the duty enjoined upon them in the moral and social paths of life. The hopes and anticipated happiness of Edenfield were thus realized, and henceforth, said he, let no man seek after felicity where his wishes can never be consummated; but let him explore the jewel where it may be found, in the peaceful home, the domestic circle, and in the presence of an amiable *Wife*.

---

## **BIOGRAPHY.**

---

“Of man, what see we but his station here.”

---

### **LINDLEY MURRAY.**

The death of our learned, amiable, and venerable countryman, Lindley Murray, which lately took place in England, has already been published in the papers in this country; but the close of so useful and respectable a life as that of this excellent man, ought not to pass by with a mere common obituary notice. His memory should be cherished, and his example be placed before others for their imitation, and as an encouragement to the devotion of their time and their talents to the promotion of the highest interests of themselves and their fellow men.

Lindley Murray was the eldest son of Robert Murray, who established in the city of New-York the two great mercantile houses of Robert and John Murray, and Murray and Sansom.—He was born in the year 1745; but his parents removed to New-York when he was but two years of age.—Here he received his education in the common schools, and thro’ the instruction of a private teacher. At the proper age, he studied law with —Kissam, and was a fellow student in the same office with the venerable John Jay. Though his prospects at the bar were flattering, after a short time he relinquished the practice, and engaged in the mercantile business.—In consequence of severe sickness, which impaired his constitution and reduced him to a state of great debility, he was induced by his medical advisers to remove to a milder region; and accordingly he visited England, and finding the climate more favourable to his health, in the year 1784 he purchased a house at Holdgate, near the city of York, and there passed the remainder of his long and useful life. His constitution, however, never recovered its original vigour; and for the last twenty years of his life, he was entirely confined to his house.



Soon after his settlement in England, he commenced his literary labors which he pursued for many years with great zeal and success devoting himself entirely to objects which would conduce to the benefit of his fellow men. His principal works were his *English Grammar*, *Exercises in English Grammar*, an abridgement of the *Grammar*, and an enlarged octavo edition, introduction to the *English Reader*, *English Reader*, the *Sequel to the English Reader*, *The Power of Religion on the Mind*, and other smaller works. With the titles of these works, almost all persons are acquainted; of their value immense multitudes are thoroughly informed. Suffice it to say that they are standard works of the highest reputation, honourable to the learning and talents of the author, and most useful to all classes of the people.

This great popularity is the best evidence of their practical value—they passed through an immense number of editions, both in England and in this country. No less than 37 editions of his *Grammar* were published under his own inspection at York.—That work will probably always remain a standard book wherever the English language is spoken, both in common schools, and in seminaries of a higher order.

As a philanthropist, Lindley Murray was distinguished among the benevolent men of the age. To his countrymen, who visited England, he was a kind and hospitable friend. His wife, who survives him, was the daughter of the late Thomas Dobson of this city. In all the relations of life which he sustained, he was most affectionately beloved, and highly respected. To all his other excellencies of character, he added a firm and lively piety; his life was a practical exposition of the soundness and sincerity of his faith, and his death, like that of the Righteous, was peace.—*Daily Adv.*

### MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,  
"In pleasure seek for something new."

#### SKETCH.

I came to my native village. I sat down by the fountains where I had sat in childhood. The wind whistled in bleak murmurs through the grove; and my heart was sad: I drank of the water of its fountains, but its sweetness had flown—and the stealing tear dropped from my dim eye. I beheld a maiden—she was lovely—but I could not be glad. "Where (said I) is Mary of the dark and smiling eye? She who once glided through these vallies? She was fair. Dark was her hair as the plumage of the raven's wing, and floated on the morning breeze, as yon wild-waving trees nod to the winds."—"Mary was fair, (said the maiden,) but she sleeps beneath yon silent mound, where the dark grass waves. Ten Autumn winds have scattered the promise of fair Spring upon her tomb. The cypress shades the place of her

rest—but she went to the earth alone: no kind hand scattered flowers upon her lowly bed. Her lover went forth to war, and she faded in death. His name appeared first and brightest among the warriors of his country—he toiled in the battle front, and was dear to his kinsmen—his name was dreaded by his foes but she was at rest! The claron of war sounded victory—he left the clamour of battle, and came to the grove where they pledged their vows. Peace and honour had gilded his banner—but the dreams of his early love had vanished as the unseen wind. Soon did he sleep in the arms of death. The thistle nods over his resting-place, and his ear drinks not of the sound of the trumpet, or the clattering of the war-hoof. Peace is with his ashes—he hath passed away, and my soul is sad!"—HORATIO.

From the Recollections of Washington, an unpublished work by GEORGE W. P. CUSTIS.

"Of the athletic prowess of the chief in early life, we shall give some memorable examples. The following is not the least remarkable among them: 'The late COL. LEWIS WILLIS, of Fredericksburg, was, of all the school fellows of WASHINGTON, the most pre-eminent in the manly games which distinguished the youth of those days, possessing great muscular strength, combined with activity and superior skill in wrestling.

"During the recess of the school hours, the young athlete formed a rural Gymnasium on the green, and Willis, excelling all his competitors, demanded nobler foes. Meantime, the chief, then in the lusty prime and vigour of his youth, had retired to the shade of a tree, and was profoundly engaged in the studies of his school, heedless of the sports which were passing so near him. Willis had often remarked his matchless figure and superior size, and deemed him a rival worthy of his grasp. The young Washington declined the combat, his mind being disposed to study and reflection. But when the victor of the games proudly trod the arena, calling on the student to come and share the fate of the vanquished, and taunting him with fear of discomfiture, the future theme of many a praise rose from his academic shade, and calmly entered the ring. The eyes of Willis danced in joy, as he beheld the noble form and gallant air of him, whom to conquer would be to add unfading laurels to any victor's brow. They spread wide their arms, and rushed into the manly embrace. The heart of the champion of the Palæstra beat high, with a hope inspired by the remembrance of a hundred previous triumphs. But when he felt the lion like grasp of the chief, that confidence began to waver; another moment, and all was certainty, for he was hurled to the ground with a force which thrilled through the very marrow of his bones. Loud shouts, long echoing through the neighboring forest, proclaimed the victor's triumph.

Modest in victory, and panting from the toil, for Willis was twice the man that lives in these degenerate days, a noble foe, and one who long 'had borne the palm alone,' the Victor Chief retired to his studies, observing—"You have had a sample of my wrestling, I hope that I shall be disturbed no more. He was not disturbed, as reclined at his length in the shade, he seemed the young lion in repose, and no one was willing to rouse him up again from his lair."—*National Journal*.

*Anecdote of Gen. Schuyler.*—During the revolutionary war, in which, every body knows, this veteran father of the republic acted a most distinguished part. The following rather amusing and characteristic incident afforded no little sport; but I have never seen the story in print. The Gen. was very dexterous in handling cards, and playing tricks with them, such as calling out one for another, and telling the ladies' fortunes, in fine juggling stile. While on a trip to some part of Dr. Morse's 'New-England,' *incog*, the General put up for a night, at one of those farmer-sort-of-taverns, where the landlord, though a Pharisee in religion, and a believer, through fears in necromancy and witchcraft, said his p——s and took a mellow glass. The General and his party, amused themselves in the evening with cards, and during his attendance, mine host chanced to discover, being a prying sort of Yankee, that the 'man in black' could practice the 'black art,' which was soon known to the hostess of course. She had just missed some silver spoons, which must have been purloined at supper that very night, and towards the 'witching hour,' the 'man in black' was duly informed of the circumstances, accompanied with a request to 'use his skill' in detecting the thief. According to the directions of the 'man in black,' the whole household, lodgers and all, were assembled in his room, and the doors well secured. The General then informed the company of the object, stated in his *own way*, that *by his art*, he was about to expose iniquity, and make public secret and hidden things.

With much parade of preparation, the whole were encircled with chalk and coal lines on the floor, white and black alternate. He then counted the number of persons, including himself, handed some cuts of straw around for each to draw one, leaving one in hand for himself. He then told them that the thief held in his hand the longest of the cuts, and began to receive them and measure each. All proved to be of one length, save the one held by the thief, on searching whose baggage, the spoons were actually discovered, well stored away. The 'man in black' kept up the character he had thus assumed for the occasion, gave the host some lessons from the tell-tale discoveries of the cards, and often enjoyed the sport of the adventure among his friends.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

*Frauds on Printers.*—Among all the vexatious miseries, torments and sufferings those industrious drudges are fated to endure, who aid and abet the circulation of ink, giving vigor, strength and freshness to every fibre and nerve of the body politic, none are felt more keenly, than those inflicted from that numerous and respectable class of readers and patrons, connected with every newspaper in the land, and embracing the most distinguished individuals in the community, known and denominated as borrowers. The injuries coming from such kind and well meaning friends, are more cruel than the malicious difficulties in which we may be involved by our open enemies. We might be submissive, under the occasional *cheatage* incident to all trades and professions; but it is beyond human patience, to endure without murmur or complaint, a continual series and unceasing succession of frauds; for we do take the freedom to say, that the person who avails himself, without compensation, of the labors, expenses and cares of the printer, is guilty of a moral, if not a legal fraud. The newspaper publisher issues his sheet for the purpose of giving information to the honest subscriber; to afford instruction to his children, and gratification to his family; not to amuse the individual who can stoop to the meanness of withholding the little sum of profit, at the best, precarious and slender, the only proper article of exchange for paper, ink and printing. We do not speak of the inconvenience suffered by the subscriber himself, who is frequently prevented from deriving any benefit from his paper, until half a dozen niggardly borrowers have satisfied the curiosity they are willing to indulge, although not liberal enough to pay for; because the fault is, in some degree, with the excessive good nature which induces them to submit to such impositions, as the blame is partly attributable to the easiness of disposition, which cannot forbid the injuries to their own rights, from the fear of offending their neighbors. Our remarks are confined to our own peculiar sufferings. The printer is considered a public servant, and as such, is bound to provide for the public taste, but we should as soon think of setting down at the well spread table of mine host, of the tavern, and after relieving hunger, to sculk away without discharging his bill, as to devour the entertainment, weekly, provided by the printer, without making him his stated compensation for his trouble and expense, in procuring and serving up his various dishes.—*National Ægis*.

*A Bachelor's description of what a Wife ought to be.*—Amiable, affectionate, agreeable, artless, affable, accomplished, amorous, beautiful, benign, benevolent, chaste, charming, candid, cheerful, complaisant, careful, charitable, clean, civil, coy, constant, dutiful, dignified, elegant, easy, engaging, even, entertaining,



faithful, fond, free, faultless, good, graceful, generous, governable, good-humoured, handsome, humane, harmless, healthy, heavenly-minded, intelligent, interesting, industrious, ingenious, just, kind, lively, liberal, lovely, modest, merciful, neat, notable, obedient, open, obliging, pretty, prudent, pious, polite, pleasing, pure, peaceable, righteous, sociable, submissive, sensible, tall, temperate, true, unreserved, virtuous, well-formed, *wealthy*, young.

I never knew but one person, said Sterne, who interfered between man and wife either with safety or success. Upon a domestic *furo* and *con* once between the parties, that was rising even to blows, a friend of mine who happened to be by hit the husband a stroke with his right hand. "Be quiet, you brute," and struck the woman at the same time with his left, saying, "Hold your tongue you vixen." Then repeating his moral admonition and friendly buffets, with a "Peace, you monster—Have done termagant—Hands off, you coward—Retire you virago"—a fit of shame and laughing seized them both at the same time at such extraordinary and impartial an umpirism; they shook hands immediately, and became good friends for the rest of their lives.

*Security of property in Persia.*—Curious examples might be related of the expedients fallen on by the people to defeat the keen scent and unfeeling repacity of their tyrants. Meerza Abdool Rezak told me that during the time he lodged in a certain town, he was alarmed by the periodical cries of some person who appeared to be undergoing daily a violent beating, "Amaun! Amaun!" (mercy! mercy!) "I have none! I have nothing! Heaven is my witness, I have nothing!" and such like exclamations. He found the sufferer was an eminent merchant, reputed to be very rich, and who sometime afterwards confessed that he understood the prince or governor had heard of his wealth, and was determined to have a share; but that he, as he well knew that torture would be applied to extort it from him, had determined to habituate himself to endure pain, that he might be able to resist the threatened unjust demands, even if enforced by blows. He had now, he said, brought himself to bear a thousand blows with a stick; and as he was able to counterfeit great exhaustion, he hoped to be able to bear as many blows as they would venture to give him, short of occasioning his death, without conceding any of his money to them.

There is a powerful propensity in human nature, to what is properly denominated back-biting; i. e. to make the faults of an absent person the subject of familiar conversation. This is a vice so mean, so mischievous, so cowardly, so characteristic of littleness, as well as malignity, that every holy man should hate it,

and every wise man be ashamed of it. Oh, what wisdom, mercy, and beauty is there in this direction. "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell his fault between thee and him alone; if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother, but if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses, every word may be established." If this rule were universally obeyed, three parts of the feuds and quarrels which destroy the peace, and desolate the temporal interest of mankind would be cut off.

### SUMMARY.

The Boston Bard has given notice that he shall in a few days issue proposals for publishing a volume of his Poetry, under the title of the "Oriental Harp," to be embellished with a likeness of the author. \$1 25 is to be the price of the work, printed upon good paper.

*Literary.*—The new novel called the 'Last Man,' written by Mrs. Shelley, has made quite a sensation in London; the two principal characters, Raymon and Adrian, being modelled after her late husband, Percy B. Shelley, and his friend Lord Byron.

### THE PRIZES.

The present number completes the Second year of the publication of the *RURAL REPOSITORY*. In order, as we have before stated, to render our next volume more worthy of the patronage of our friends, we have offered premiums to elicit Original Tales, Essays, and Poetry, from the young and aspiring geniuses who are springing up around us, and we are happy to state our efforts have not gone entirely unrewarded. We have received nearly thirty pieces, many of which are evidently from able pens, and we think will afford a pleasant treat to our readers.

The Premiums are to be awarded to the authors of the following pieces:

*Ambition; or the Story of William and Catharine*, a Tale, by Sarah J. Hale, of Newport, Cheshire Co. N. H.—The first premium, Ten Dollars.

*Fiction, as Subsidiary to History*, an Essay, by J. W. F., Chesterfield, N. H.—The second premium, a set of Byron's Poems handsomely bound.

*The Waning of Youth*, best piece of Miscellaneous Poetry, by William Piatt, of this city.—The third premium, a set of the Repository.

We shall present these pieces to our readers in our next number. To those of our young friends who have contributed, although unsuccessful this time we would say first attempts are seldom successful—it is practice and study which matures the writer, and the more exercised the powers of the mind are, the more forcibly will those powers develop themselves.

To the more experienced, that competition in literary pursuits is honourable—and feeling as we do, that it is worthy of patronage, we will hereafter endeavor to add our mite to its advancement.

Though last not least in our respect to the ladies, we are proud to return our thanks for their favors.

To our patrons we would also, express our gratitude for their support—and solicit a continuance of it—permit us also to say, we shall use our best endeavours to merit it. Our success has exceeded our expectations, and we state as well because it is gratifying to ourselves, as, possibly, it may be interesting to our subscribers, that the *Rural Repository* has received a very liberal support which daily increases.

### MARRIED,

At Livingston's Manor, on the 14th inst by the Rev. Mr. Kittle, Mr. OLIVER STEELE of Albany, to Miss MARY AUGUSTA, daughter of M. Livingston, Esq.



## POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

### TO THE SHADE OF MY FATHER!

Ah, Father! cold is now thy sleep,  
And stern affliction can no more,  
As her dark banners widely sweep,  
Her chilling wrath upon thee pour;  
And the spirit which but now  
Shone upon thy wearied brow,  
With thy last expiring groan,  
Hath forever fled its throne.

To me it seems but as a day  
Since last thy smile did warm my heart;  
And yet I wandered far away  
From all that could its joy impart—  
The peace of home—and all that there  
Had rendered life so calm and fair,  
To clasp the careless stranger's hand,  
And find it sear me as a brand!

Yet thou hast known the thousand woes  
Which creep upon the thoughtless young—  
Of ruined hopes by secret foes—  
And slanders, 'neath the friendly tongue:—  
Now slander cannot mar thy breast,  
For oh! thy spirit is at rest  
And all that is reserved for me—  
A brief year—and to follow thee.

My years have been a weary track  
Along the desert waste of life,  
Yet, could I,—I would not go back  
To win their joy—or bear their strife—  
Yet thou didst smooth their early rise  
E'en with thy fortune's sacrifice—  
Didst guide me all its woes to shun  
Yet have I sought them every one.

There are some eyes can never weep,—  
Some hearts that cannot feel,  
But mine their torrents cannot keep—  
My bosom was not wrought of steel;  
Nor yet from me the tear doth stray,  
Save when my thoughts are far away  
And night her sable mantle throws  
In mystic darkness o'er my woes.

And then the fleeting dreams that stole  
Upon the fancy's wild domain,  
Have pictured back, of youth, the whole  
Bright volume to my brain,—  
And oh! some scenes of joy, now past—  
Too bright, too happy, ay, to last  
On memory's wings have flitted nigh—  
Yet all too rapidly flew by.

'Tis then, when darkness veils the earth,  
That thought recalls a thousand things  
Forgotten; and of little worth  
Save the remembrance which each brings  
Of thee, and of thy anxious care,  
When youth had made me rashly dare,  
Or thoughtless word, or act, did sting  
"The secret of thy sorrowing."

But peace, dear parent!—there is one  
Who knew thy virtues—they not small—  
Thy faults could wound the breast of none  
And are forgotten all—

But now, to thee, the world is lost,  
Its summer sun and winter frost—  
Thy dream is past—thy soul at rest,  
The canker cannot gnaw thy breast.  
Hudson, May, 1826.

P.

### FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. THE PARTING HOUR.

TO ANNA.

The parting hour, how fraught with pain!  
The heart then seeks solace;  
But ah! it ever seeks in vain,  
The relief it attains  
A last embrace.

'Twas midnight hour, when all was drear,  
I bid my love adieu;  
Yet not without a stif'd tear,  
Mingled with sighs and anxious fears.  
Sweet Girl for you.

I could not tear myself away,  
From one I lov'd so well,  
Another hour I did delay,  
In which I ne'er found time to say,  
Dear Girl farewell.

Hour after hour, thus from me flew,  
Yet still I linger'd there;  
The moon was hast'ning out of view—  
But still I had not said adieu,  
To Anna dear.

These precious moments quickly fled,  
In melancholy bliss—  
'Twas then, by love, soft passion, led,  
I caught while yet time favored  
The parting kiss.

I clasp'd her fondly to my heart,  
And cried whate'er's my lot,  
Though now 'tis destin'd we should part,  
'Grav'd is thine image on my heart  
Forget me not.

G.

### ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to PUZZLES in our last.

#### PUZZLE I.

To *Whirl*, is a circular motion;  
A *Pool* is a body of water;  
And *Whirlpool* resides in the ocean,  
And is often as fatal as slaughter.

#### PUZZLE II.—Lieutenant.

#### NEW PUZZLES.

##### I.

To five composers I owe my frame;  
And, what is singular, when view'd my name  
Forwards and backwards will be found the same.  
When I'm discover'd, you will plainly see  
What the proud peer and peasant soon will be.

##### II.

What is that which increases the effect by diminish-  
ing the cause?

### RURAL REPOSITORY.

Is printed and published every other Saturday, at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post-office.  
All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.